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# Nightmares of the Dreamless

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## Chapter 1 by Dark Knight Gwyn

It had been a full year since Leslie's good friend had disappeared. By now, people had had begun to assume him dead. Hell, even now Leslie was walking to his house just to inform his mother and father that the police were closing the investigation. Luckily, her other friends had volunteered to walk with her, so at least she wouldn't be alone when she broke the news. She had a good reason to feel especially guilty considering the fact that she had said some rather... mordacious things to him on the day that he disappeared. It ate her up inside thinking that the last words that her friend heard from her were... Let's not think about that, focus on the task at hand.

Well... that had gone better than Leslie expected it to. The mom and dad of her best friend had welcomed the group of friends with warm smiles and offers of warm beverages. When Leslie broke the news, she was expecting something along the lines of anger, crying, denial. Instead, the couple just smiled sadly, as if the presumed death of their son was the same as announcing that he was too busy with a job to come home for Christmas. In the end, they asked if the group of friends could go upstairs and check some things for them, specifically concerning his game systems. "Well, that was pretty frickin' weird, wasn't it?" Her thin bespectacled friend, Ally asked. Ally was what she would call... vertically challenged. Leslie would call her short. Her

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wisdom in the group, Sirius. Sirius had black hair in a neat bowl-cut with a face that held either a gentle smile or a blank expression. "Y-yeah. His mother was supposed to have another kid two years ago but," She hesitated here "She lost the baby two months before she was due to have it. That was around the time that Damian had gotten suspended from school again for fighting. They think that the stress from that was what caused her miscarry." She finished sadly, it was a rough time in her friend's life, it was also the time that he disappeared."Anyway, we should probably focus on the task at hand." Everyone nodded their approval.

"Holy crap, he had Bloodborne: Nightmare of the damned?" Griffan exclaimed snatching the game from it's rightful place upon Damian's desk. "I'm still raising money to get this damn game and the receipt says... he got it the day it came out?! How frickin' loaded was this guy?" "If I remember correctly he has a jar of money under his bed?" "Was that a statement or a question Leslie?" Sirius asked as he quirked an eyebrow. He was promptly ignored, however, as Leslie pulled a jar money out from under Damian's bed with a 'found it!' and almost everyone began to crowd around. "So he really was working for all the days that he missed." "You think this is drug money" "No, he worked at a coffee shop for two years and he worked overtime whenever he got suspended." This conversation continued until they heard the sound of a game system starting up. "Griffan what the hell are you doing?" Ally hissed. "What does it look like?" He responded as he picked the PSN profile. "Okay, let me rephrase, why the hell are you doing this," "Hey, I just wanna give it a try," He defended as the application started up "I'll put it right back when I'm done, promise." He pressed start and looked at the previous save games. "Huh, well let's give Damian's character a spin. The loading screen appeared and suddenly Griffan was drawn in to screen. He reached out a hand to touch it... and felt something pulling him forward. "U-uh guys, a l-l-little help!" The pull started to get stronger. "What's the problem Griff?" Leslie asked, not turning from the jar of money to notice her friend's predicament. "It's the T.V!" "What about th-" Ally's question died as she turned her head and saw that her friend's hand was half-submerged in the television set. "What's the pro- Oh my god!" Leslie screamed as she noticed what was happening to her friend. Sirius was the first to act as he jumped and attempted to pull Griffan away from the T.V. "Well don't just stand there, help me!" Sirius commanded, struggling to pull his friend out the screen that was attempting to take him captive. These words were enough to

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know what the hell you're into and I don't care but can you please stop groping my ass!" Ally exclaimed. Flustered, Leslie stammered out an apology and scrambled to the ground, stepping on Griffan's hand on the way down. "Ow, dammit!" "Sorry, Griff." "Where are we?" "Sirius?" "Ally?" "Griff?" "Les?" "Enough!" Sirius chided loudly. Everyone fell silent as they had never heard Sirius raise his voice in the entire time that they had known him. "Now let's see if we can find out where we are." Everyone else mutely nodded their approval.

They wandered for a while until they heard something behind them. It sounded like growling. The low guttural snarls soon began to cut through the silence that had, a minute ago, been deafening among the group of 18 year-olds. They looked around and saw what seemed to be Quasimoto on steroids. "Oh" Ally began "My" Griffan continued, "RUN!" Leslie shouted as the whole group bolted opposite end of the alleyway that they had found themselves in after wandering for so long. They had reached the end of alleyway on come face-to- uh stomach, I suppose with another 'roided hunchback. "Crap, turn back, turn back, turn back!" "Uh- there's another one behind us if you haven't noticed!" "Screw you!" "NOW IS NOT THE TIME!" Sirius berated Ally and Griffan they could begin arguing in a life-or-death situation. "What's the plan Leslie?" He asked calmly, as calmly as he could when certain death was hobbling straight towards them from two directions. Leslie opened her mouth to reply... but was cut off as she heard the sound of something sharp and metallic meeting flesh before they heard the sound of one of the two monsters crying out in pain before it crumpled to the ground in a heap, revealing the intimidating sight that it had concealed seconds before. A figure clad in black, a midnight black duster billowing in the harsh winds, a dark tri-tipped hat shielding his eyes combined with a dark mark mask covering the lower half of his face. In his left hand was a device that appeared to be something resembling a shotgun. In his right, he clenched a sword of pure silver with runic designs of a long forgotten land carved into the blade glistening with the blood of the beast that it had just transfixed. The figure walked over the fallen beast and raised two fingers and twitched them backwards twice. The message was clear, the figure was saying "Bring it on"

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